small concepts by byzinha

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1. home

Author's note: It's the Mileven Week and I bring to you all four oneshots about our favorite tiny ship. I hope you all enjoy and leave a review! ^^

Disclaimer: I do not own the rights for anything Stranger Things.

DAY #1 – Favorite scene

remember that time we almost kissed in the basement bathroom?

Even though her hands were still a little shaky and her head a little dizzy from saving Mike from falling to his death, Eleven wasn't hungry and declined Dustin's offer of a snack.

At that moment, all she wanted was to clean up, even if just a bit, and Mike seemed to understand that, because he took her hand and guided her to the basement bathroom.

She got inside leaving the door open, but for a moment all El could do was sit on the toilet bowl and stare down at her trembling hands.

A shadow joined her in the bathroom and turned on the water in the sink. She didn't move as Mike looked for something in the cabinet, nor when he stepped closer in the small bathroom to kneel in front of her.

Mike took one of El's hands and started cleaning it with a wet cloth ever so gently, his fingers grasping at her wrist carefully.

El looked up at him. From this close she could see all his freckles, maybe even count them. His eyes were really dark and full of concentration. He got to work on her other hand, so she reached for the towel that was hanging behind him, the same towel she used before, when she was alone and could take a shower in that very bathroom.

El's gesture startled Mike a little and he leaned back, giving her space.

"Sorry," she whispered. She didn't want to scare him.

"No, it's okay," he replied quickly shaking his head. "I just…" Mike bit his lips as he looked up at her, and some red came to his cheeks. "I don't want to invade your personal space, I know you don't like it."

"Mike," El said almost smiling, but she didn't know what to say next, didn't know how to put in words what she felt about his generosity and understanding.

"Yes?" he replied, looking in her eyes.

For a long moment no one said anything, and then they heard a noise in the basement that broke the spell. Mike stood up, still holding El's hand. He pulled her up too.

"Come here," he said letting go to wet the cloth again and turn it until it was just humid. "You got some… Uh…" Mike gestured to her face with the cloth as a suggestion, and El nodded, allowing him to keep on helping her.

First he cared to clean the blood from her nose and ears, and then he got another cloth to be rid of the mud on her forehead and cheeks, brushing soft but efficiently until she was clean. Once he was satisfied, he sighed.

"That's better," he said, and El turned to the mirror to check her reflection.

Not that she really liked it. Now that she had her normal, weirdo hair and the wig was ruined… El reached and touched the short hair almost grieving something she'd never had.

"You don't need it," Mike assured her, which surprised her in a confusing way.

"Still pretty?" El asked, not really believing in the possibility.

"Yeah, pretty," Mike told her with certainty. "Really pretty."

This time, she really smiled at the girl looking at her in the mirror. Okay, she could believe that.

"El?" called Mike.

"Yes?" she said, turning to him.

"Hum… I'm happy you're home," he said it like a confession, and her heart fluttered.

"Me too," she told him. Because she really was. And what a crazy turn, her knowing what a 'home' is, all thanks to him.

2. righteous

Author's note: Pretend everything is being posted in the right days and forgive me. I have a busy week ahead of me :(

I hope you enjoy the chapter! ^^

DAY #3 – El protects Mike

remember that time we were sure El could join the wrestling team?

New concept: mean girls.

You know, El was aware that there was such a thing as bad people and bully boys, but so far she hadn't met a girl she didn't like.

That was until she finally got into school.

Side note: 8th grade was hard, but not as hard as people could be. Like, literally hard in the most basic concept of the word. El learned it the physical way.

It was all because of a science project, how she found out that Troy wouldn't be her only problem.

To be fair, El didn't exactly know what was going on when she left the building and saw Mike talking to a tall brunette, Dustin hanging back a little embarrassed. She didn't have the same AP classes as the boys. All she knew was that the girl looked awfully calm while Mike seemed to grow nervous by the second. And that wasn't a good sign.

"I'm not putting your name on the project if you don't collaborate!" Mike stated. He was angry, El knew through his whole body language.

She stepped close to Dustin.

"What's going on?" El asked him.

"Sally is Mike's partner in chemistry," Dustin told her, making sure to

keep his voice low so he wouldn't be heard. "But she wants him to do all the work by himself and he refuses."

El hummed, checking out the exchange that was happening only a few feet from them. That Sally girl was almost a head taller than Mike, and she held herself so intimidating. El stepped towards Mike, but Dustin held her wrist.

"Let her," Lucas said when El looked back confused. Dustin let her go. "I want to see what she's gonna do."

"Why won't you be a good boy, Mark, and just *do the damn work*?" Sally said condescendingly.

"Mike," El said and he looked back at her, but she was not talking to him. Sally frowned at her. "His name is Mike."

Sally raised an eyebrow.

"Whatever," she said, immediately ignoring El. "Do we have a deal?"

"Don't *whatever* me!" El exclaimed. The boys looked at her with wide eyes, including Mike. "Didn't you hear him? There's no deal!"

"El," Mike called her holding her hand. "Let it go."

El frowned and looked at him.

"Why?"

"Listen to your… *boyfriend*, Ellie," Sally said, chuckling a bit. "Is that it, she's your *girlfriend*? I never thought anyone would *dare*."

Mike's face got all red, and El didn't like Sally's words at all. She dropped her backpack and practically jumped to the girl, but Mike held her in place. Sally stepped back, but laughed in El's face.

"You really think you can take me, little troll?"

"Let it go, El, it's not worth it," Mike told her.

Sally stepped back laughing and was joined by her friends. El took a

deep breath, nodding at Mike. Trusting her as he always did, he believed her.

As soon as she wasn't being stopped by anyone, El ran to Sally, pushing the girl and making her fall. By the time they processed what was going on, El already was on top of Sally, pulling hair and immobilizing her.

"You do your part or there's no deal!" she screamed pushing Sally's face on the grass.

Dustin and Lucas where oscillating between shock and laugh, but Mike and Will hurried to take her from the top of the other girl – something Sally's friend didn't do, they were shocked.

"El!" Mike said, trying to make her let go. She only leaned further.

"Say you'll do your part!" she pressed. Sally was thrashing under her, but El didn't need physical strength to keep a person down, as the thin streak of blood coming down her nose confirmed.

"Okay! Okay!" Sally shouted, voice muffled by the grass. "I'll do my part!"

El let go.

"Okay, then," she said getting up and brushing the dust from her knees. Mike and Will exchanged a look. El wiped the blood from her upper lip with the back of her hand, and then she remembered something. "Good girl."

There was a collective gasp around her, and only then El noticed that she had a bit of a crowd watching. Well, she didn't have time for that. She got her backpack, and then held Mike's hand.

Together, they went to have some ice cream.

3. heroic

DAY #4 – Mike protects El

remember that time Mike had to have boxing lessons with Will*?*

At least one week with the hand immobilized. That was the final result for Mike. For Will, just some ice.

"I've been dying to beat the crap out of Troy for a long time," Will was saying excitedly. He tapped Mike's shoulder twice. "Thanks for starting, man."

"Yeah…" Mike said checking his hand. Doctor said he almost broke his thumb, and now only half of his fingers were visible through the gauze. "Any time."

The boys kept teasing him about how he should learn how to punch properly and how *Will* (small, skinny Will!) was a better fighter than him, but all sound was muffled when El's fingers touched his with delicacy.

Mike looked up at her and she was smiling at him, brown eyes warm and caring. Her hair was almost down her chin now, she liked to keep it from her face using a ribbon and this time it was blue.

"You know I could just break his arm again, don't you?" she said with that soft voice of hers, simply as if she wasn't the incredible killing machine she was. Mike smiled.

"Yeah, I know," he replied. "But I was done with him talking shit about you."

El sighed. Later, Will would tease her about being able to "see the hearts coming out of her" even thought that'd make no sense to the girl. Mike curled his fingers on hers, and she leaned in to kiss his cheek.

"My hero," El said. He blushed a bit and smiled as he looked at her.

"Not even close," Mike said. "But I'm getting there."

4. ballad

Author's note: Thanks everyone who's read this little oneshots, I hope you enjoy this last one!

And thank you Jenna (littlecajunlady88) for beta reading everything! ^^

I'm waiting for you guises reviews at the end :D

DAY #5 – Snowball song

remember that time the dance floor was ours and ours only?

"So," Mike said opening the doors of the empty gym of Hawkins Middle, El following right behind him. "You're going to have to use your imagination for this, okay?"

He walked sideways just to be able to look at El as he talked, and he saw her nod once. She was walking a bit slower, taking in the view of that place. She had only been there once, over a year ago, but it still looked the same. Awfully the same. Despite the boots and jeans and jacket, El felt herself shiver.

"El," Mike called her. He was suddenly in front of her, dark eyes looking down at her, his hair falling on his forehead. It was sticking all around because he had a beanie on just a minute ago. He held both her hands in his. "Can you do that? Can you imagine everything I'll tell you?"

Eleven swallowed and then breathed, focused on calming down.

"Yes," she said, and he smiled.

Mike didn't let go of her hands. Instead, he walked backwards, bringing her to the middle of the gym as he talked.

"The theme was Winter Magic, with its own fairies, sprites and stuff. You know? Like in spring they say that there are these mythological creatures responsible for making things grow and look pretty."

"I don't understand," El confessed, so Mike stopped.

He thought for a couple of moments.

"Remember when we watched the *A Midnight Summer Dream* play?" El nodded. It wasn't so long ago. "Puck and his friends are forest creatures, right?"

"Summer creatures," El confirmed. Mike nodded.

"Yes. The idea of the Snow Ball was that there are such creatures in winter too, though the story goes *a little* different in Greek mythology," he said, stopping there before he could go on a rant the way he'd gotten last year, as he tried to convince his friends that the theme of the dance was stupid for many reasons. "So you think about those spring sprites, but in winter colors, like ice blue, white and grey. Those were the people who were organizing the dance, but it gave the whole thing a cool vibe to the place."

Mike started walking again, getting closer to the middle of the gym, where once they improvised a deprivation tank for El.

"They had a photo booth there with these gigantic snowflakes and fake snow all around, and the stage was over there," he pointed as he spoke. "There was a long table with finger food and drinks, and some 8th grade jocks tried to sneak some alcohol in the punch, but they got caught and were kicked out of their own graduation ceremony."

"Will said everything was decorated," El said looking up at Mike and he nodded.

"It was," he said letting go of her hands. Mike stepped behind her, hands on her shoulders keeping her from turning to him. "Close your eyes."

"What?"

"Just… trust me, okay? Close your eyes." She did as he said. "It was funny, because we knew that it still was the same gym we have PE every week, but it was just *so different*. They had put these white and blue cotton things all around, like fake fluffy snow. The walls were decorated with white Christmas lights. There were naked trees

covered with fake snow and blinking lights hanging from the roof that looked like the starry sky outside, or like snowflakes falling on our heads or something."

Still with her eyes closed, El sighed and smiled.

"It must've been so pretty," she said under her breath. She felt Mike's hand slide down her arms to hold her hands again.

"It was," he said. "I think you would've loved it."

El opened her eyes and looked back up at him.

"I'm sorry I wasn't here," she whispered. Mike shook his head.

"It's okay," he guaranteed. "I understand."

El turned around slowly to face him. It was really cold outside, but she found herself comfortingly warm right there, with Mike.

"You said people dance in the Snow Ball," she said. "How is… dance?"

Mike swallowed and took a deep breath.

"Well, there are plenty of types of dances you can dance," he said. "Like fast dance, or something with steps, like disco. And there are those that aren't much of *actual* dances, like when rock 'n roll plays. And there is slow dance, when a ballad plays and you get close like we are now and you put your hands here," Mike guided El's hands to the back of his neck. "And I put mine here, like this," he held her waist under her jacket. "And it's really cheesy, but we sway like this to the song."

He started swaying left and right with her, looking in each other's eyes.

"Mike?" El called. "What is *ballad*?"

"It's a slow song, most times romantic," he explained. "And it's interesting, because every type of music can have ballads, *any type*, from rock to pop."

"Can you sing me some?" she requested, and Mike blushed. They still were swaying to no music, so her request wasn't *that* absurd.

"Uh…"

"Please?"

When would Mike ever be able to say not to El and her beautiful eyes? Not today, it seemed. He cleared his throat and sighed before he started the first chorus that came to his mind.

"*I've been waiting for a girl like you to come into my life,*" he sang. "*I've been waiting for a girl like you, a love that will survive. I've been waiting for someone new to make me feel alive. Yeah, I've been waiting for a girl like you to come into my life…*"

El stopped dancing and before Mike could think he had done something wrong she got on her tiptoes and kissed him, just a quick touch of lips like their first kiss had been a little over a year ago in that same school.

"You're really something, El," he said when she stepped back and for the first time ever he saw her blush. "You're not escaping this year, though. We'll have another dance in a few weeks, and I'd like you'd be my date."

"Another dance?" El echoed. "So we can have our pic taken and we can slow dance to real music and I can kiss you again?"

"Yeah," Mike said. "And I can give you a flower and stuff," he pushed her hair behind her ear and only then they realized that they still were so close, in the same slow dance position. No one moved anyway. "But we don't need the Ball to kiss again."

"We don't?"

"I-I mean, if you w-want to kiss…" he fumbled in his words, suddenly noticing what he was saying and for whom. "We ca-can."

"Mike," El said smiling.

"Yes?"

"Kiss me."

It was as if his heart would jump out of his chest, but Mike was more than happy to do as she said. He leaned down and El tipped her head back and this time… this time their kiss was something else entirely.

And just so perfect.